

SEASONS.

AUTUMN.

When Autumn storms lash window pane,
With gale force winds and sheets of rain,
Then furry creatures of the night
Cower in dry banks out of sight.
And roosting birds, in tree top high,
Will huddle together to keep dry.

When golden leaves are stripped from trees,
And piled in drifts by swirling breeze,
Then creatures of the field and wood
Will hastily gather Winter food.
Thrush, Blackbird and Fieldfare,
Strip the crimson May tree bare.

We humans too, will rest from toil,
Of gathering Harvest from the soil.
The Gardener roots, the Farmer corn,
The fields all neatly ploughed and shorn.
And by the glowing fire we'll stay,
Knowing that Winter's on the way.